

JOSEPH M. TERRELL NAMED SENATOR

Ex-Governor Succeeds Late Senator Steve Clay.

APPOINTED BY GOV. BROWN

Action of Georgia's Governor No Surprise to the People, as It Was Generally Thought That Mr. Terrell Would Be Given the Honor.

Joseph Meriwether Terrell is the new United States senator from Georgia.

The proclamation naming former Governor Terrell to succeed the late Senator Clay was made out by Governor Brown and read at a surprise dinner party given at the mansion in honor of Georgia's junior senator.

The naming of Governor Terrell will probably cause no surprise throughout the state. He was the one man most conspicuously mentioned for the post, and the one who was universally expected to win the coveted honor.

Throughout the two heated campaigns of Governor Brown he was the power behind the throne; he organized the state, and his hand was on every detail of the organization that won victory two years ago, and that mustered 100,000 men to the polls this year.

A former governor of Georgia and former attorney general of the state, Senator Terrell has been conspicuous for his interest in education for the boys and girls of the state. The establishment of the eleven district agricultural schools, which have since come into being, was made an issue in his campaign of 1902, when he first ran for governor, and authorized during his incumbency in that office.

Senator Terrell served in the lower house in the sessions of 1884 and 1886 and in the senate which convened in 1890. He was elected attorney general in 1892 and served until 1902, when he resigned to make the race for governor. In that campaign he made over 120 speeches and defeated two able opponents, Hon. D. P. Guerry, of Bibb, and J. H. Estill, of Chatham.

He served in the office of governor for four years and eight months, being given an extra length of time, owing to the action of the legislature in changing the time of meeting of the legislature from October to June. He retired from the governor's chair on July 1, 1906, and has since been engaged in the practice of law in Atlanta.

RIOT AT PUEBLA.

Mexican Revolt Under Control After Much Bloodshed.

Estimates of the number who were killed in the fight between soldiers and police on one side, and revolutionists on the other at Puebla, continues to be placed at from 100 to 170. Dispatches from that city stated that it was certain over 100 had been slain in the conflict.

Aquiles Cerdan, whose house was the scene of the fight, was killed by soldiers while resisting arrest in a tunnel where he had taken refuge. Cerdan fought to the last, firing at the officers as soon as they found his hiding place.

According to late advices from Puebla there was no fear of further trouble, as the troops were in control of the situation. It was said that a large number of factory employees were still talking in a revolutionary vein, but that there was no danger of another serious outbreak.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Great Waterway Will Be Completed by December, 1913.

The Panama canal will be completed on December 1, 1913. This information was given to President Taft while he was inspecting the famous Gatun dam, on which he spent several hours. The official date of the opening remains January 1, 1915. Lieutenant Colonel Goethals desiring one year in which to train the canal tenders and to get the machinery working smoothly. Ships meantime will be granted the privilege of the canal at their own risk of possible delay incident to inexperienced operation.

In addition, it was announced by Colonel Goethals that the report that President Taft's visit was the forerunner of a request for another \$100,000,000 from congress was unfounded. The canal will be completed in 1913, he said, within the \$375,000,000 already authorized.

William A. Blount

OF PENNSYLVANIA.
— CANDIDATE FOR —
UNITED STATES SENATOR.



The man who is running on his own merits and against Ring and Factional Politics.
The man who is running against the Perpetration of the United States Senators in Jacksonville.

COUNT TOLSTOI IS CALLED TO BEYOND

Great Russian Author Answers Last Call.

FAMILY WAS AT HIS BEDSIDE

Tolstoi, Seeking Solitude, Was Overcome by Fatigue and Passed His Last Days at Small Railway Station on Shores of Black Sea.

Count Leo Tolstoi died peacefully Saturday, Dr. Makovelsky and the other attending physicians and Countess Tolstoi were at his side when the end came. It was recognized long before his case was hopeless, and at 5 o'clock in the morning, after the countless had been summoned and the other members of the family had gathered in an adjoining room, the physicians issued a bulletin, announcing that the activity of the heart had almost ceased, and that Tolstoi's condition was extremely dangerous.

Several of the physicians were greatly overcome by the approaching death of Russia's great writer. Tolstoi, accompanied only by Dr. Makovelsky, left his home at Yasnaya Polyana for the purpose of ending his days in solitude, to which he more and more inclined during his later years. His pilgrimage led him to the monastery at Shramadino, in the province of Kaluga, where he remained as the guest of his sister, Marie.

Learning that his retreat had been discovered, he insisted upon proceeding on his journey to the Caucasus, where he hoped to spend his last days close to the Tolstoi colony, on the shores of the Black sea. But, during the railroad journey, he was overcome with exhaustion and the cold, and Dr. Makovelsky was compelled to have him transferred to the flag station at Astapova, where he was made as comfortable as possible in the rude wooden building.

For five days he had lain there, suffering first from bronchitis and later from inflammation of the lungs. Specialists were called from Moscow and other places, but, notwithstanding their efforts, the heart of the great Russian responded but feebly to the restoratives and stimulants administered. On Saturday the attacks of heart failure increased alarmingly, and many hours prior to the end the physicians had given up all hope.

ANOTHER TARIFF SCANDAL.

Gross Frauds Said to Have Been Perpetrated on Government.

United States District Attorney Wise is seemingly determined to recover for the government all the money it is claimed to have been defrauded out of during the past five years by means of alleged false invoices for importations made by Joseph Brooke & Co., manufacturers of woollens, worsteds and linings, of Bradford, England, and New York city. Assistant District Attorney Whitney, who has direct charge of the case, said:

"This is the biggest case of its kind the government has ever had. The frauds involve several woolen manufacturing companies in England. The total amount of the duties which the government has lost through these importation frauds is much greater than in the sugar under-weighting cases."

After filing of preliminary papers in a suit to recover \$200,000 damages because of the alleged under-valuation frauds, Assistant District Attorney Whitney obtained a writ of attachment, upon which Marshal Henkel seized the entire stock of Brooke & Co. Further, to protect the interests of the government Mr. Whitney obtained from Judge Hazel twenty-six additional writs of attachment, which have been served on certain banks and firms to prevent the collection of sums on deposit and accounts receivable.

Mr. Whitney said that the Brooke case was the initial one of a series of cases which the government expects to conduct against other importers. These new cases, said the federal officer, will involve claims against importers amounting to upwards of \$10,000,000.

POLITICAL UPHEAVAL.

Republicans Oust Democrats From Many Offices.

Probably few counties in Georgia have ever witnessed anything like the political upheaval or revolution that has just taken place in Fannin. Democratic officials who had held office for years were ousted and republicans put in their places. Offices held by democrats for a quarter of a century were turned over to republicans.

In fact, the republicans made a clean sweep of it, turning out every democratic official in the county, and Fannin's political complexion has taken on new and startling hues.

Only the senator from the forty-first was saved by the democrats from the otherwise complete wreck; but J. R. Kincaid, democrat, won out for the senate with the aid of the other counties in the district.

Following it all has come quite a crop of indictments, charging vote-buying; it is claimed votes were bought right and left, and as the result of the grand jury's investigations, many true bills were found.

At Bloomington, Ill., Chris Frederick, a retired farmer, bought a cemetery lot and monument and mailed a check to an undertaker with instructions to find his body on the lot. Frederick's body was found with a bullet in the brain.

Three white men wrecked the safe in the Maner Trading Company's store at Manor, near Waycross, Ga., took \$300 in cash, valuable deeds and notes, \$1,400 in charge slips and caused \$2,000 damage with nitroglycerin. They were pursued, but escaped in the darkness.

BACK TO THE OLD

Thanksgiving

BY
George Ethelbert Walsh

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AT the foot of the hill where the turnpike swerved sharply to the left to avoid climbing the abrupt elevation and close by the brook, which, finding its source somewhere among the hilltops, meandered leisurely through swamp and swale and cut the farm squarely in two, stood the old homestead. The moss grown shingled roof peeped modestly from behind a screen of age-old trees, and the low down sagging foundations were scarcely anywhere visible behind the rampant growth of rose bushes that clambered halfway up the south side of the house. There were lilacs grown into trees, syringas that crowded half across the gravel walk, a giant honeysuckle vine that had been choked and pruned back until its gnarled old trunk resembled a grotesque freak of nature.

The old homestead had housed and reared seven generations of men and women of the same name, but it had come to pass that those of the seventh generation were widely scattered and the old homestead no longer knew them. There were seven of this generation—seven boys—and the last to leave the old homestead had gone forth, like the others, to battle in the larger world for life and happiness.

Unlike many old couples left behind on the farm to watch and tend it in its declining years, these two were not shorn of the necessities or even the luxuries of life. They were busy boys, engaged in the battle of life. Sometimes weeks passed, and then a few lines compensated for the lonely waiting.

They fell in love and married in time. They brought their brides in hurried visits to the old home. Children came to them, and each birth added to the cares of the father. She longed intensely to know of her grandchildren, and if she wrote long rambling letters of the old farm her heart was aching for minute details of the children born in the image of their fathers.

But the rush of life in the cities made the farm seem a long way off. Letter writing was oftentimes irksome, and the seven sons had duties that absorbed their time and strength. The letters grew fewer and their length shorter. On the old homestead the aged couple laboriously read over and over again the brief epistles, pondering and thinking and speculating and sighing.

In due time the seven sons forgot to write or delegated the work to their wives. They were too occupied to waste their time in epistolary composition. They knew, moreover, that their parents knew they would send word if anything unusual happened.

And nothing unusual happened to them—that is, nothing that would interest the aged couple living on the old homestead. They would not care to read of things in the city which were so vital to the sons of the seventh generation—of social gatherings, of business developments, of art lectures, of politics, of religious and charity work. These were things of the city and not of the country.

Their parents would not understand, as if the mother love was not inclusive enough to embrace all things that touched the hearts and lives of her offspring!

So the sadness and loneliness of the life on the old homestead took on a keener edge. The aged couple would sit hand in hand and watch the departing rays of sun with moist, dimmed eyes. The broader back of the man was sturdy enough to carry the burden, but the mother was bending under the load.

"Don't worry, mother," soothed the man. "They have their families and their cares, and we must be content. 'It is not that,' she murmured, 'but—and the eyes had a frightened look in them—I do not feel equal to it to writing—the letters any more. I—I find them a burden now.'"

The man gently pressed the hand that had penned the daily letters. "Rest, then, mother, rest! They will not—He stopped, he could not say they would not miss them, and yet the quivering heart at his side knew he meant it. 'That is it,' she replied slowly; 'they will not miss them, and that is—what—hurts.'"

The eyes drooped, and the head rested heavily on the shoulder by her side. They sat there a long time watching the fading light and the coming up of the new moon. The dew of the evening wet them before they rose slowly and made their way inside.

Long habit and training cannot be changed in a day or night, and a mother's yearning for her sons insisted that some message should be sent, but each week the letters grew shorter and there was no heart or life in them. Sometimes they were so perfunctory that one was merely a duplicate of the other, a mere reference to the weather and crops and an assurance that all were well. The hand copied from day to day what the brain had dictated for one. There was little variation.

J. H. Odell, Rufus Dazelas, a Mexican, a retired farmer, bought a cemetery lot and monument and mailed a check to an undertaker with instructions to find his body on the lot. Frederick's body was found with a bullet in the brain.

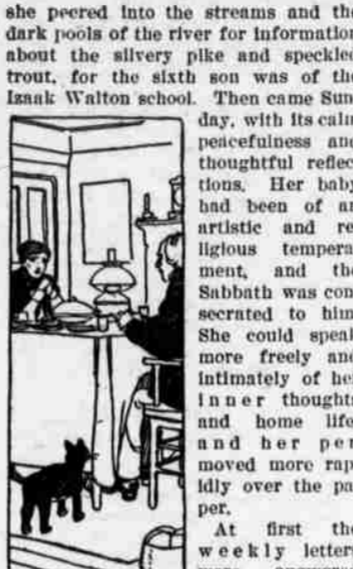
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THEY SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE ALONE.

she peered into the streams and the dark pools of the river for information about the silvery pike and speckled trout, for the sixth son was of the rank Walton school. Then came Sunday, with its calm peace and thoughtful reflections. Her baby had been of an artistic and religious temperament, and the Sabbath was consecrated to him. She could speak more freely and intimately of her inner thoughts and home life, and her pen moved more rapidly over the paper.

At first the weekly letters were answered more or less regularly. She was more concerned over the white drawn face at his side than at the neglect of his sons. If they only knew—if they only knew!

They sat down at the table alone, she rousing herself by a final effort for the sake of the man who had shared her life's burdens with her, and he kindly, courteous and considerate of her every little comfort. "Mother, we will ask a blessing for our sons and their families," he began.

The plates were set for the seven, a custom never abandoned even though they remained empty throughout the Thanksgiving meal. The two did not hear the outside noises, nor the rattling of the lumbering stage, nor the lifting of the latch. When they raised their eyes the room was full of bearded and bronzed and pale and clean shaven faces—faces which in spite of wind and weather and toll and sweat had a strange family resemblance. It was unusual that they should be there, but it did not seem strange, so content was the mother heart that her prayer would be answered.

"Mother, I was worried. Your letters were so different, and I came home instead of writing."

It was the eldest who spoke and embraced her. "And I met the others on the train or at the station," he continued. "They felt the same and could not wait to write."

"Yes, mother," added another, a little reproachfully, "it made me homesick not to hear from you often, and when your letters did come they were so so different. I knew something was wrong with either you or father. What is it?"

They glanced from one aged parent to the other. The faded eyes of the woman turned tremblingly from one to the other and finally sought in fear and confusion the face of her husband. He nodded responsively.

"Yes, mother has been sick—heart-sick," he began slowly. "You were homesick, but she was heart-sick. She has been giving you of her life, but you have returned little of yours. She has carried the old home to you in her letters, but you have neglected her in yours."

Even then the mother hunger was predominant and could not abide the chastening of her offspring. The frail hand waved aside the speaker, but he added softly:

"Even now she's ready to give more than she will receive."

Then, with a twinkle in his eyes: "Mother, is the feast spread for nine or two?"

Ten years suddenly slipped from the gray head and the frail body, and the face was wreathed in a holy smile as she bustled about and changed dishes and added more to the table's supply.

"We only set places for your spirits, and not for your bodies," she murmured guiltily. "And you are all such hearty eaters!"

"Yes, hearty eaters—big eaters, mother!" they said in one voice. "But we know where you keep the turkey and the cranberry sauce and the pumpkin pies and all the other good things. Wait until we see?"

The raid on the kitchen which followed worked havoc with the week's cooking, but the joyous cries and wrangling words mingled with laughter were music to her ears. She had her seven sons back again, and they were boys still in spite of beard and deeply lined foreheads and wrinkled cheeks.

Colonel James Howard, grandson of the late General John E. Howard, of revolutionary fame, died at Baltimore of pneumonia after a short illness. He was 78 years old. Colonel Howard served on the general staff of the confederate army during the civil war.

Miss Nellie Jones died at Macon, Ga., at the residence of her mother, from burns received several days ago. She was waiting on her mother, who was ill. She passed the fire and her clothing ignited, inflicting frightful burns, from which she died.

HOMESTEAD

Story

The summer passed and harvest time approached again. The Thanksgiving season brought its train of memories.

A week before Thanksgiving she looked anxiously for letters from her sons. Each day they drove a mile to the village for their mail, but the letters were not there. Two days before the event the frail body was keyed to intense suspense. On the morning of one of them surely would write and gladden her heart. But they returned from the postoffice without the letter.

"We must go to the village today, father," she urged on Thanksgiving morning. "We need—we need salt of sugar, I forget which."

The man accepted the gentle plea without a quiver. There was a single morning mail, and perhaps—perhaps—but who can tell? They drove slowly through the crisp autumn air and returned at dinner time.

They were both very silent and grave. The man was more concerned over the white drawn face at his side than at the neglect of his sons. If they only knew—if they only knew!

They sat down at the table alone, she rousing herself by a final effort for the sake of the man who had shared her life's burdens with her, and he kindly, courteous and considerate of her every little comfort. "Mother, we will ask a blessing for our sons and their families," he began.

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED UNDER SECTION 8 OF CHAPTER 4888, LAWS OF FLORIDA.

Notice is hereby given that Rodman Lumber Co., purchaser of tax certificate No. 14, dated the 1st day of July, A. D. 1907, has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Putnam county, Florida, to-wit:

Sec. of n.w. 1/4, section 12, township 10 S., range 24 E., 40 acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of J. M. Maxwell & Co. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1910.

Witness my official signature and seal this 11th day of November, A. D. 1910.

(Seal) HENRY HUTCHINSON, Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla. By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

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